

ILLUSTRATED
POETRY VERSE

by

Lefevre James
CRANSTONE
(1822-1893)

Donald L. Smith

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SMITH

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This book is dedicated to my grand-children, Drew and Ann Marie Camp, who continue to inspire me with their love of the arts exemplified by Drew's remarkable renderings of marine life and Ann Marie's emerging talent as a dancer.





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The illustrations in Chapter 2 were provided courtesy of Collection: John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, Australia. Each original album page is 9 x 11 ¼ inches in size and all the illustrations were estimated to have been prepared circa 1860.

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- 2.45 Illustrated Verse from "Marcian Colonna" by Bryan Waller Proctor.
- 2.46 Illustrated Verse from "Power and Gentleness" by Bernard Barton.
- 2.47 Illustrated Verse from "The Winter Walk at Noon" by William Cowper.
- 2.48 Illustrated Verse from "The Deserted Village" by Oliver Goldsmith.
- 2.49 Illustrated Verse from "An Autumn Sabbath Walk" by James Grahame.
- 2.50 Illustrated Verse from "The Winter Evening" by William Cowper.
- 2.51 Illustrated Verse from "To Daffodils" by Robert Herrick.
- 2.52 Illustrated Verse from "Autumn" by James Thomson.
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- 2.59 Illustrated Verse from "The World Before The Flood" by James Montgomery.
- 2.60 Illustrated Verse from "The Rising Moon" by William B. O. Peabody.





Foreword

In 1968, the John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, Brisbane, Australia was fortunate to receive a marvelous collection of original works of art by the English-born artist Lefevre James Cranstone. The collection was generously donated by a granddaughter of the artist. Since that time the sketchbooks from the collection depicting Brisbane and parts of central Queensland have become important resources for the pictorial history of the colony. They have been included in exhibitions, reproduced in publications and admired by scholars.

Another part of the donation was overlooked for a long time because it did not contain any Queensland content. It was an anonymous looking and untitled album containing a series of watercolour sketches each accompanied by a quotation from a poem. In 2002, it finally attracted the interest of Mr. Donald Smith from the United States during his visit to the State Library to research Cranstone's biography, *Lefevre James Cranstone: His Life and Art* published in 2004. Donald was delighted to find such a personal object which told him so much about Cranstone the man. He has now produced a wonderful facsimile of the album accompanied by meticulous research identifying the source and context of each poem.

The State Library of Queensland appreciates the commitment and energy which Donald has demonstrated in bringing this album to a broader audience. I also thank him for adding an important chapter to the history of art in Queensland and for further enhancing the prominence of Lefevre James Cranstone.

Dianne Byrne
Librarian
Original Materials
State Library of Queensland





ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

There are a number of special people I wish to acknowledge for the interest, time and help they provided during the preparation of this second book on the art of the English artist Lefevre James Cranstone. My wife Jan's comments, suggestions and insights as well as those of my daughters Therese Camp and Kari Smith and her friend Nancy McGovern are very much appreciated. My niece, Dr. Donna Coffey, was also very helpful using her expertise on Victorian era poets to help track down many of the poems Cranstone used for his illustrations.

There are no words to properly thank friends Ron and Sue McGraw for the countless hours they invested in making sure Cranstone's illustrations of poetry verse were presented at their very best. Thanks are also extended to Dianne Byrne, Librarian, Original Materials of the State Library of Queensland, Australia for preparing the book's Foreword and to Angelo Comino also of the State Library of Queensland for preparing high quality scanned images of Cranstone's album.





Discovery of The Illustrated Poetry Verse Album

The 1860's were one of the great eras of book illustration in England.¹ The period from 1855 to 1870 has also been referred to as the "golden age" of illustration.² What makes this period special is the refinement of wood engraving and its prominent use as a substitute for steel and copper engraving. One particular application for wood engravings was to illustrate poetry. Examples are William Blake's illustrations of Thomas Gray's *Poems*³, the Edward Moxon⁴ volume of Alfred Tennyson's poems illustrated by Pre-Raphaelites John Everett Millais and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and William Small's⁵ illustrations for magazines such as *The Quiver*, *Once a Week* and *Good Words*. The work of these and other illustrators was made ready for printing by different engravers with the best-known the Dalziel brothers, Edward and George.⁶

In addition to these well known illustrators there are others less known such as the artist Lefevre James Cranstone. This book presents a collection of his beautiful illustrations of poetry verse. Whether these illustrations were ever published is still a mystery as no previously published examples of his work have yet been found. For now, the illustrations and the story of their discovery are presented here for your enjoyment.

Lefevre J. Cranstone – The Artist

For those unfamiliar with Lefevre James Cranstone he is one of the many talented but overlooked artists of the Victorian era. Born and raised in Hemel Hempstead some twenty miles northwest of London, England, his artistic talent was recognized at an early age and in 1840 at age eighteen he enrolled at the prestigious Royal Academy of Arts Schools in London. After completing his studies he remained in London where he exhibited his paintings at the Royal Academy, the British Institution and the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street. Known primarily for his genre type landscapes in oil, watercolor and chalk, he also did etchings, pen and ink drawings, cartoons, lithographs and portraits. In 1855 he returned to Hemel Hempstead to teach art and drawing in his new wife's boarding school.

From late August 1859 to early July 1860 he visited antebellum America. While on this ten-month journey he visited relatives in Richmond, Indiana and Williamsburg, Virginia as well as other areas including Wheeling, West Virginia, Niagara Falls and Washington, D.C. His observations during the trip were recorded in a collection of almost three hundred watercolor sketches now at the Lilly Library of Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

After returning home, Cranstone settled back into his position as art teacher occasionally exhibiting his paintings. After his wife's death in 1882 he and his three children immigrated to Clermont, Queensland, Australia. Cranstone died June 22, 1893 in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia where he is buried.

Cranstone's Illustrations of Verse

My earlier book about the artist⁷ is based on research of surviving family records, his art, newspaper accounts and other public records in England, America and Australia. This research of Cranstone's life and art led to a number of discoveries but none was more exciting to this author than the one made in January 2002 while examining his surviving art donated by a family member to the John Oxley Library of the State Library of Queensland in Brisbane, Australia. The first items examined that day were a set of etchings of English and Scottish scenes dated circa 1849 which Cranstone brought from England and a number of watercolor and pen and ink sketches he rendered in Australia. The last item was a box that held an untitled album. Upon opening the album the first page was found to have a beautiful water



color painting of an English manor house in a park-like setting complete with deer and swans (Figure 1.1). This and each subsequent page was 9 in. x 11 ¼ in. (23 x 29 cm) in size.



1.1 Illustration of Verse from “The Homes of England” by Hemans, watercolor, 9” x 11¼”.
Courtesy, Collection: John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, Australia.

The painting is accompanied by eight lines of poetry from a longer poem and the name of the poet, Mrs. Hemans. Further examination of the album’s contents revealed more examples of illustrated poetry verse. In all, the album consists of sixty numbered pages with fifty-nine containing beautifully illustrated poetry verse. The illustration on the remaining page is missing, apparently removed at an earlier time leaving only the poetry verse and poet’s name.

The question of whether Cranstone, who immigrated to the town of Clermont, Australia in January 1863, brought the illustrations from England or rendered them in Australia was answered by a review in the Rockhampton, Australia newspaper of the first annual arts exhibition held there August 26-30, 1884.⁸ The review stated Cranstone had submitted some of his art in the Exhibition’s section designated as art lent for exhibition as it was not eligible for the competitive section reserved only for art prepared in Australia. The review states: “We must not omit to mention the etchings illustrative of select lines of poetry. These are from the pen of Mr. Cranstone, we understand, and are works of art of a very high character. The illustrations are singularly beautiful, and convey far more to the mind than the words attached to them.”

While turning the album pages it was exciting to recall having previously seen pen and ink versions of three of the illustrations (Figures 1.2, 1.3, and 1.4) which at the time belonged to David Cranstone the great grand nephew of Lefevre James Cranstone and on loan to the Dacorum Heritage Trust Ltd, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England. Given the description of the three items Cranstone exhibited at the Rockhampton, Australia exhibition it is quite possible Figures 1.2, 1.3 and 1.4 are the same illustrations.



Benighted was an ancient dame
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er troubled mind:
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

Bloomfield.

1.2 Illustration of Verse from "The Fakenham Ghost" by Robert Bloomfield, pen and ink.
Courtesy, Private Collection



Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Keats
—

1.3 Illustration of Verse from "To Autumn" by John Keats, pen and ink.
Courtesy, Private Collection



"There, fast rooted in their bank
Stand, never overlooked, our favourite elms
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut."

Cowper.

1.4 Illustration of Verse from "The Sofa" by William Cowper, pen and ink.
Courtesy, Private Collection



The Poets

The illustrations accompanied verse taken from fifty-one poems written by thirty-five English, Scottish, Irish and American poets. The names of many of the poets Cranstone chose to illustrate are easily recognizable while those of others are less known. Table 1 lists the poets along with their dates of birth and deaths, nationalities and illustration numbers from the album. Those interested in further information on the thirty-five poets will find brief biographies in the Poets' Biographies section.

DoB&D	Poet Name	Nationality	Illustration Number(s)
1554-1586	Sir Philip Sidney	English	37
1591-1674	Robert Herrick	English	51
1661-1720	Ann Finch	English	11, 22
1685-1732	John Gay	English	13
1700-1748	James Thomson	Scottish	6, 39, 43, 44, 52
1716-1771	Thomas Gray	English	28
1720-1759	William Collins	English	20, 40
1720-1793	Gilbert White	English	31
1722-1808	John Home	Scottish	27
1729-1773	John Cunningham	Irish	4, 34, 36, 56
1730-1774	Oliver Goldsmith	Irish	17, 48
1731-1800	William Cowper	English	8, 23, 29, 47, 50, 54
1735-1803	James Beattie	Scottish	57
1762-1851	Joanna Baillie	Scottish	42
1763-1801	James Hurdis	English	3
1765-1811	James Grahame	Scottish	19, 49
1766-1823	Robert Bloomfield	English	35
1770-1850	William Wordsworth	English	24, 25, 26, 38
1771-1855	Dorothy Wordsworth	English	18
1771-1854	James Montgomery	Scottish	59
1772-1834	Samuel Taylor Coleridge	English	7
1774-1843	Robert Southey	English	21, 55
1780-1860	George Croly	Irish	58
1784-1849	Bernard Barton	English	12, 46, 53
1788-1863	Thomas Raffles	English	16
1787-1874	Bryan Waller Proctor	English	45
1792-1822	Percy Bysshe Shelley	English	9
1793-1864	John Clare	English	10
1793-1835	Mrs. Felicia Hemans	English	1, 2
1795-1821	John Keats	English	33
1799-1847	William B.O. Peabody	American	60
1807-1882	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	American	14, 15, 41
1808-1877	Mrs. Caroline Norton	English	32
1809-1892	Lord Alfred Tennyson	English	30
1818-1889	Eliza Cook	English	5

Table1. Chronological List of Poets, Their Nationalities and Illustration Numbers



Verse Selection

Table 1 reveals Cranstone chose verses from poems and poets representing four centuries. This continuum includes the Elizabethan, early-Romantic, Romantic and Victorian periods. Some of the poets are lyricists, others are pastoral and a few are playwrights. His overall emphasis in choosing pastoral verse to illustrate raises the question of how he was familiar with these poets and their specific poems with pastoral themes. One possibility is the English poetry anthologies of the time. Five anthologies of early to mid-nineteenth century⁹ poetry were found to collectively contain poems by twenty-nine of the poets born in America, England, Scotland and Ireland represented in Cranstone's album. The remaining six poets are one American (Peabody); two English women poets (Ann Finch and Dorothy Wordsworth); and three English male poets little known at the time (Gilbert White, John Home and Thomas Raffles). While only a small number (fifteen) of the poems illustrated were found in these five anthologies, it is possible the remaining poems are present in other anthologies, dedicated volumes of the poet's works or perhaps even in British annuals of the period. For example, Cranstone chose a verse to illustrate from a little known poem by Thomas Raffles, "The Waterfall" originally published in the 1832 edition of the English annual *Winter's Wreath*.

Each illustration accurately and beautifully depicts the content of its verse. Most of the illustrations are pastoral or rural in subject bringing to life the scenes so elegantly described by their poets. Cranstone also chose English pastoral scenes to illustrate the verses of the two American poets Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Illustrations 14, 15 and 42) and William B.O. Peabody (Illustration 60). Several of the illustrations showcase the seaside or an inland lake. For at least two illustrations Cranstone used material from his earlier art. One example is the Netley Abbey ruin that illustrates John W. Cunningham's poem "Noon" from *Poems, Chiefly Pastoral*. This illustration (Figure 1.5) is virtually identical to an etching of Netley Abbey Cranstone prepared in 1849 (Figure 1.6).

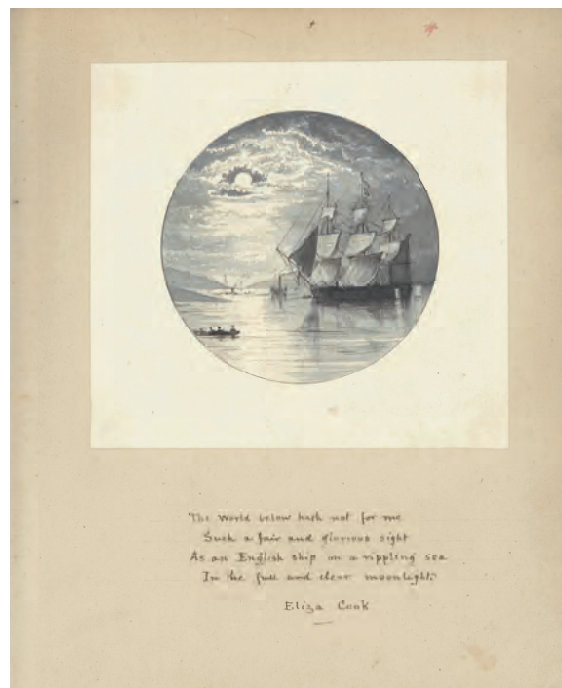


1.5 Illustration of Verse from "Noon" by John Cunningham, pen and ink, 9" x 11 ¼".
Courtesy, Collection: John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, Australia



1.6 *Netley Abbey*, 1849, copper plate engraving, 7.5 X 5 ½ in.
Courtesy, Private Collection

Cranstone's illustration of a verse from Eliza Cook's poem "The English Ship by Midnight" (Figure 1.7) is very similar to a sketch he rendered of the Ohio River in late 1859 during his trip to America (Figure 1.8). Steamboats, hills leading down to the river, a fishing boat and a moon lit sky can be found in both works with the major difference the presence of a three mast sailing ship of a different era in the painting.

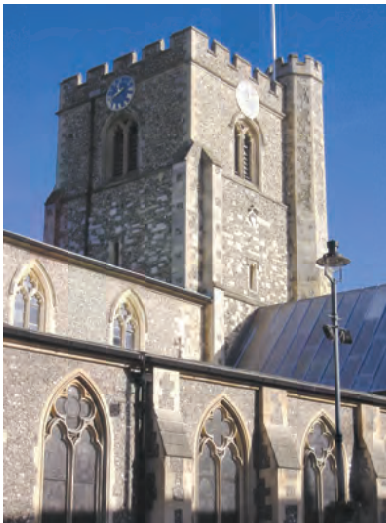


1.7 Illustration of Verse from "The English Ship by Moonlight" by Eliza Cook, pen and ink, 9in x 11 ¼in.
Courtesy, Collection: John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, Australia



1.8 *The Ohio River*, wash on paper, 1859, 4½ x 7½ in.
Courtesy, The Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

A number of the illustrations contain a church in a village setting. Two different church tower styles are present and an example of one is St. Peter's Church in Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England (Figure 1.7).



1.9 St. Peter's Church, Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England, 2007, photo.
Courtesy, the Author

The second style is similar in design except it includes a spire known as the "Hertfordshire Spike". This spire is needle thin, usually wooden shingled and encased in lead. An example of this type of tower is St. Leonard's Church in Flamstead, Hertfordshire, England (Figure 1.8). Both these churches are located in the vicinity of Cranstone's home town of Hemel Hempstead.



1.10 St. Leonard's Church, Flamstead, Hertfordshire, England, 2007, photo.
Courtesy, the Author

Pen to Paper

The precise time period in which Cranstone completed his album of illustrated poetry is unknown. Close scrutiny of the album's sixty illustrations and the three illustrations of verse (Figures 1.1, 1.2 and 1.4) from a private collection didn't reveal any dates of preparation. However, it appears that the album was most likely completed sometime between mid-1860 and his departure for Australia in late 1883. This later date is based on the fact, as pointed out earlier, that Cranstone carried the completed album with him to Australia when he immigrated. The earliest period during which he could have created the illustrations for the album appears to have been after July 1860. Since one of the illustrations appears to be based on a sketch Cranstone made during his trip to America, it is likely they were all prepared after his return to England in July 1860.

Further evidence to support this conclusion is the first date of publication for each of the poems Cranstone used. These dates range from 1591 for "Astrophil and Stella" by Sir Philip Sidney to December 26, 1857 when "The Golden Mile-Stone" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* published in Boston. As this issue of the magazine probably did not reach London until early 1858, this is the earliest a verse from Longfellow's "The Golden Mile-Stone" could have been selected for illustration 2.14. Even though it is possible that illustrations 2.1 to 2.13 could have been prepared prior to early 1858, it is reasonable to assume that all the illustrations were prepared after Cranstone's visit to America (1859-1860). During this visit, his artistic efforts were focused on creating his almost three hundred water color sketches of scenes he encountered during his travels. Also, it is doubtful during the visit he would have had access to the materials necessary to prepare the poetry illustrations. In sum, these factors support the earlier conclusion the poetry illustrations and the album were created in England during the period between Cranstone's return from America and his immigration to Australia.

Since the album's creation, some 145 years ago or more, its pages and the thin paper Cranstone attached to them with his watercolor paintings have clearly suffered the effects of aging as is evident in



illustrations 1.1, 1.5 and 1.7. Regrettably, this paper aging greatly distracts from the beauty of the original paintings. To enhance the reader's pleasure in viewing the colors and nuance of Cranstone's superb watercolor paintings each illustration, except 2.49, has been carefully digitally corrected to remove the aging effects without altering Cranstone's original art, page numbers and handwritten verse. To create a more pleasing and efficient page layout, the watercolor painting, page numbers and handwritten verse have been digitally repositioned.





Poetry and Verse Side by Side



Cranstone used a verse from the poem “The Homes of England” written by Felicia Dorothea Hemans as inspiration for Illustration 1. The poem was originally published in the April 21, 1827 edition of “Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine”.

“The Homes of England”

***THE stately Homes of England!
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O’er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Thro’ shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.***

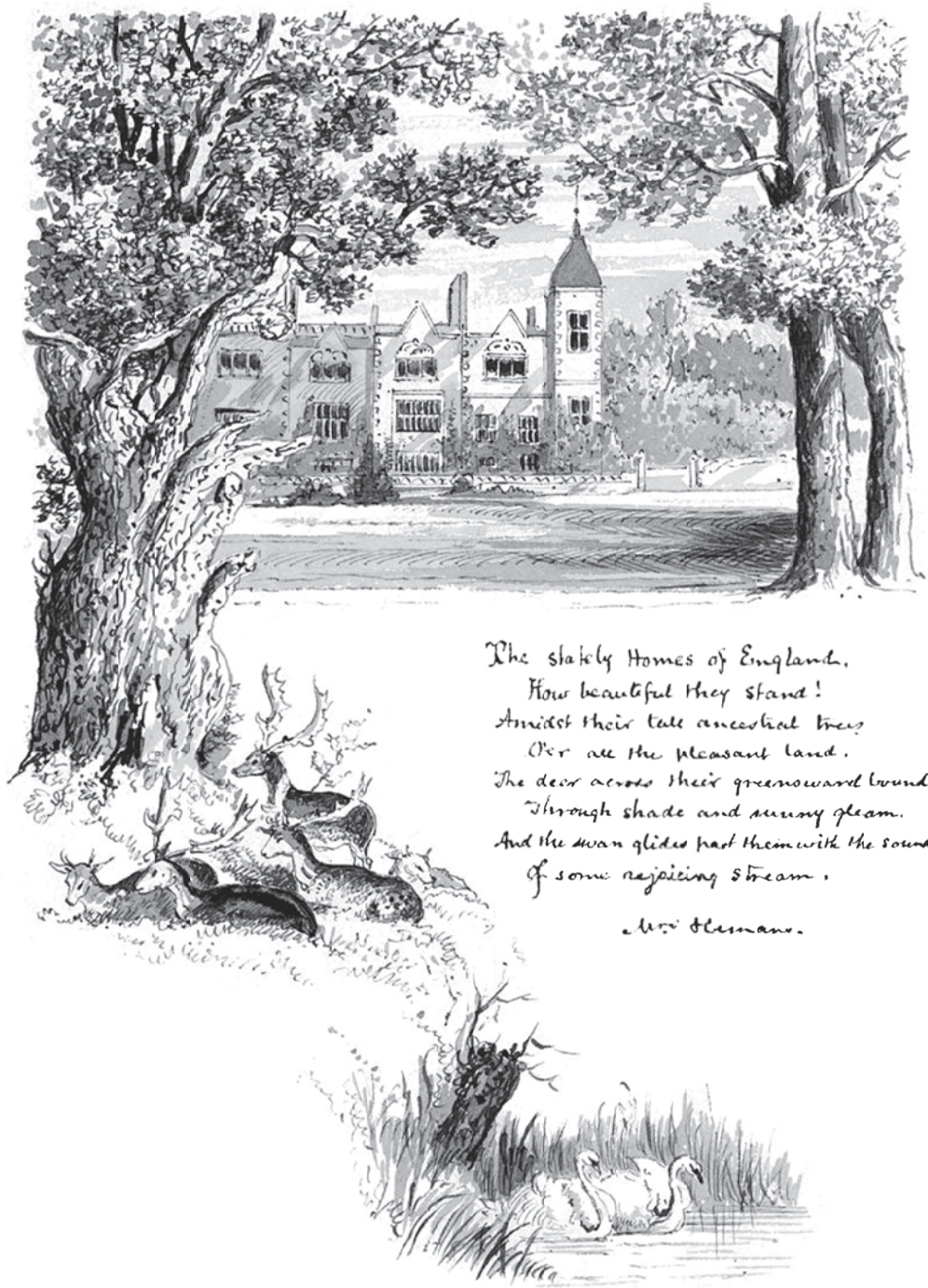
The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman’s voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood’s tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath hours!
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell’s chime

Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o’er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Thro’ glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear’d
To guard each hallow’d wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!



The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees
O'er all the pleasant land,
The deer across their greenward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

— Mrs. Hemans.

2.1 Illustrated Verse from "The Homes of England" by Felicia Hemans, circa 1860.



Illustration 2 is based on another verse from Felicia Dorothea Hemans poem “The Homes of England” originally published in the April 21, 1827 edition of “Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine”. The painting is one of the few in the collection signed with the artist’s name “L. J. Cranstone”.

“The Homes of England”

THE stately Homes of England!
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O’er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Thro’ shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

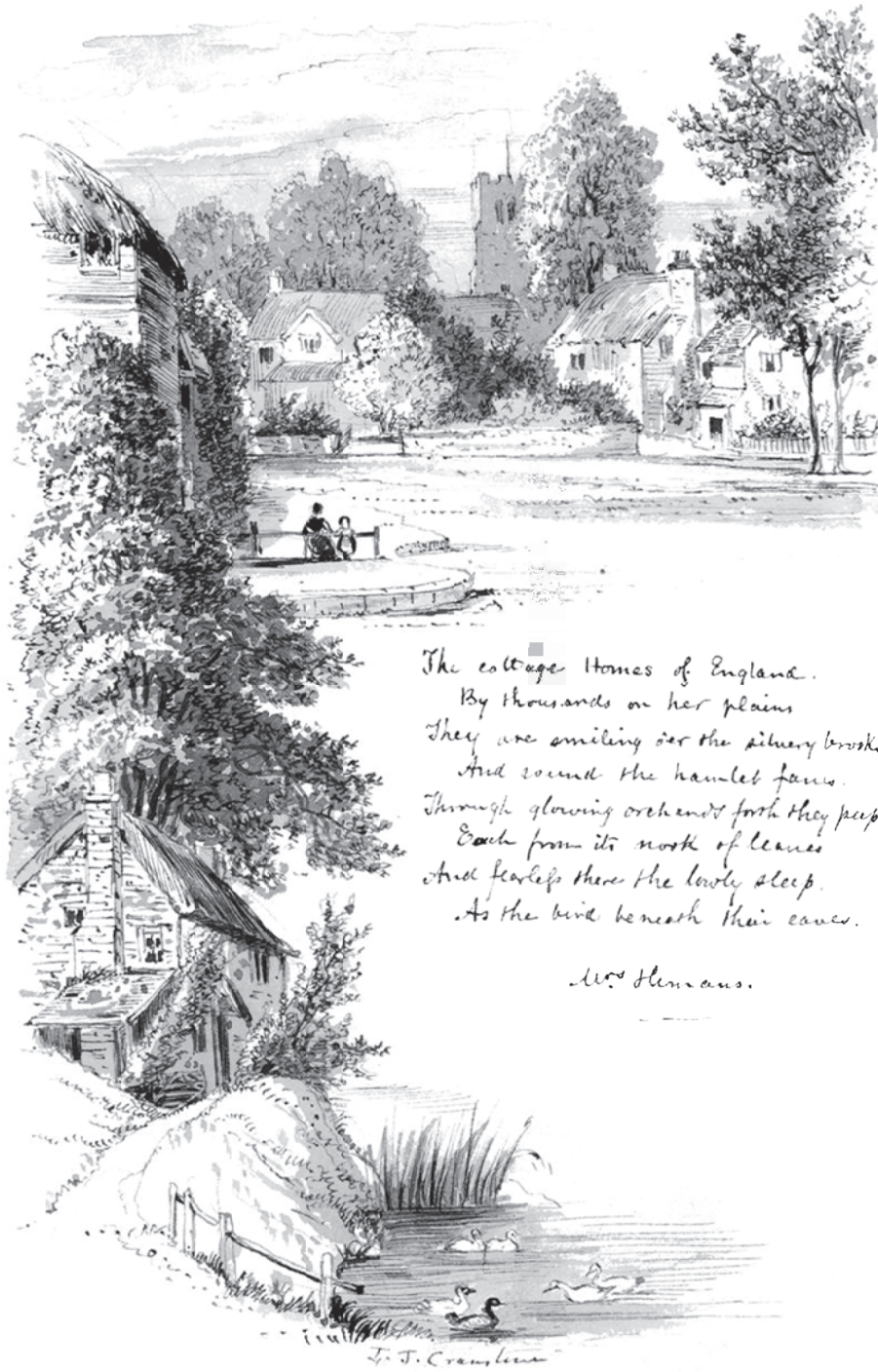
The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman’s voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood’s tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
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The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
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Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The Cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o’er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Thro’ glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath the eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear’d
To guard each hallow’d wall!
And green forever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child’s glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!



The cottage Homes of England.
By thousands on her plains
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks
And round the hamlet fairs.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep
Each from its nook of leaves
And fearless there the lovely sleep.
As the bird beneath their eaves.

Mrs Hemans.

J. J. Crampton



Cranstone used a four and one-half line verse from the 2,562 line long “The Village Curate” by the English poet James Hurdis published in 1788 for Illustration 3.

“The Village Curate”
(lines 920-947)

....But there detain us not, for the faint sun
Puts on a milder countenance, and skirts
The undulated clouds that cross his way
With glory visible. His axle cools,
And his broad disk, tho’ fervent, not intense,
Foretells the near approach of matron night.
Ye fair, retreat! Your drooping flow’rs need
Wholesome refreshment. ***Down the hedge-row path
We hasten home, and only slack our speed
To gaze a moment at the custom’d gap,
That all so unexpectedly presents
The clear cerulean prospect down the vale.***
Dispers’d along the bottom flocks and herds,
Hayricks and cottages, beside a stream
That silverly meanders here and there,
And higher up, corn-fields, and pastures, hops,
And waving woods, and tufts, and lonely oaks,
Thick interspers’d as Nature best was pleas’d.
I could not pass this view, nor stay to feast,
For all the wealth of Ind. Ingenious painter,
Why leave a land so delicately cloth’d
To gather beauties on a foreign shore?
‘Twas here my Shakspeare caught his living art,
And who can paint like him? To British eyes
Shew British beauties. Who can choose but love?
Paint me the fair ones of my native isle;
Your canvas shall have charms no time can kill.
The foreign belle, though fair, attracts me not.
.....



3



"Down the hedge-row path
We hasten home, and only slack our speed
To gaze a moment at th' accustomed gap,
That all so unexpectedly presents
The clear cerulean prospect down the vale,"

Hurdis.



A verse from a poem written in 1766 by Irish poet John Cunningham titled "Day: A Pastoral, Carpe Diem", Section Three "Evening" was used by Cranstone in Illustration 4.

"Day: A Pastoral"
Section Three: "Evening"

O'er the heath the heifer strays
Free; -- (the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the smoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

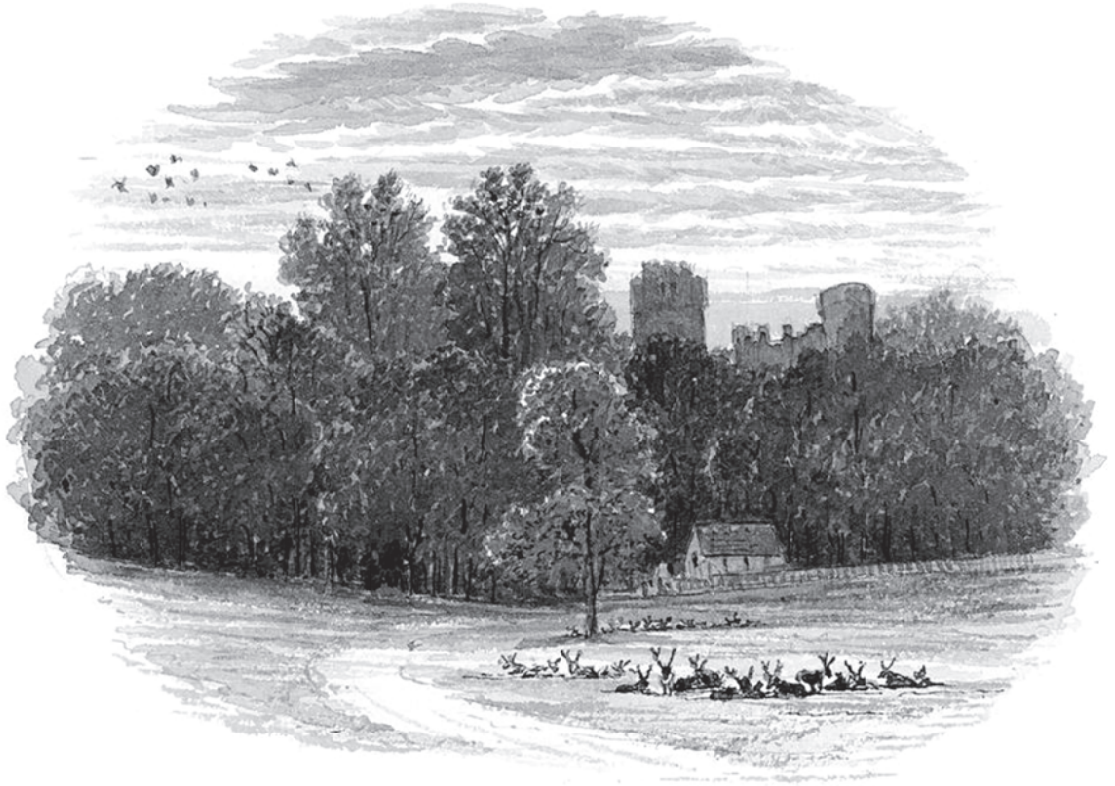
***Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter, for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!***

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the Trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass
With her well-pois'd milking pail.



Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

J. W. Cunningham.



A verse from the English poet Eliza Cook's poem "The English Ship by Moonlight" written in 1838 was chosen by Cranstone for Illustration 5.

"The English Ship by Moonlight"

***The world below hath not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight,
As an English ship on a rippling sea,
In the full moon's placid light.***

My heart leaps high as I fix my eye
On her dark and sweeping hull,
Laying its breast on the billowy nest,
Like the tired, sleeping gull.

The masts spring up, all tall and bold,
With their heads among the stars;
The white sails gleam in the silvery beam
Brailed up to the branching spars.

The wind just breathing to unroll
A flag that bears no strain.
Proud ship! That need'st no other scroll,
To warrant thy right on the main.

The sea-boy hanging on the shrouds
Chants out his fitful song.
And watches the scud of fleecy clouds,
That melts as it floats along.
Oh! what is there on the sluggard land
That I love so well to mark,
In the hallowed light of the still midnight
As I do a dancing bark!

The ivied tower looks well in that hour,
And so does the old church-spire;
When the gilded vane, and Gothic pane
Seem tinged with quivering fire.

The hills shine out in the mellow ray,
The love-bower gathers a charm;
And beautiful is the chequering play
On the willow's graceful arm.

But the world below holds not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As a brave ship on a rippling sea
In the full moon's placid light.



f



The World below hath not for me
Such a fair and glorious sight
As an English ship on a rippling sea
In the full and clear moonlight.

Eliza Cook.



Cranstone's inspiration for Illustration 6 was James Thomson's poem "The Seasons" which consists of four parts, "Spring" (1728), "Summer" (1727), "Autumn" (1730) and "Winter" (1726). The verse chosen consists of lines 245-250 from the 1,069 lines long poem "Winter" (1726).

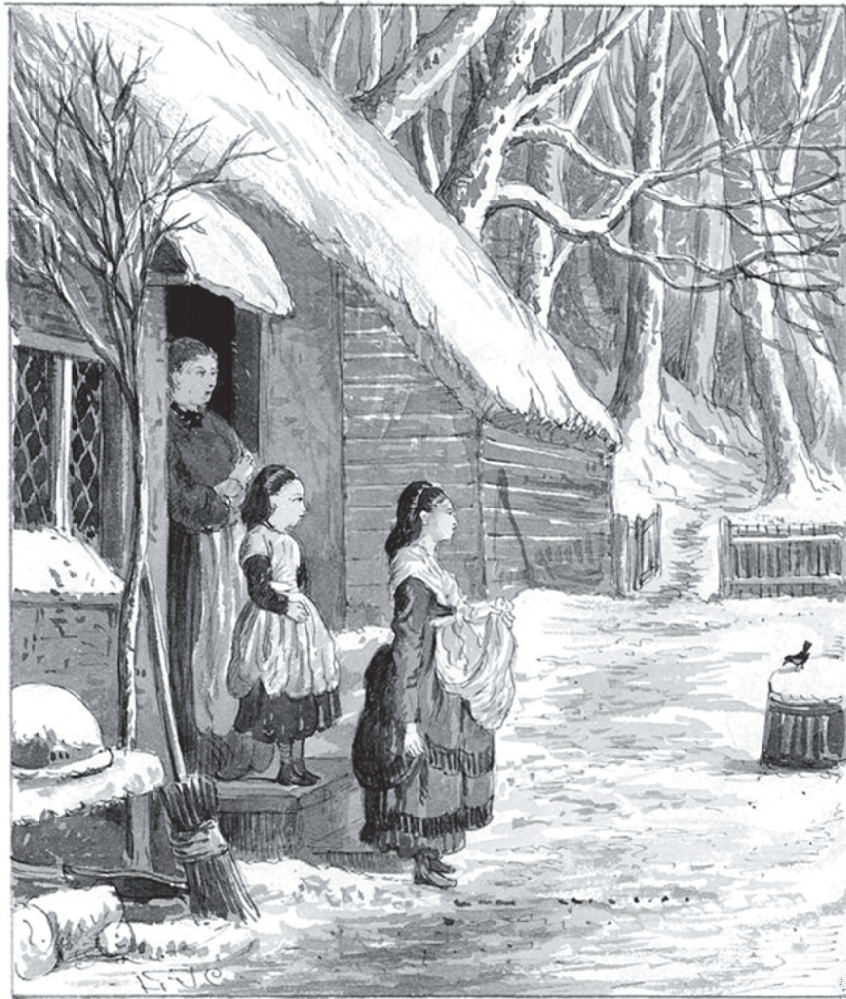
"Winter"

..... Low, the Woods
Bow their hoar Head; and ere the languid Sun
Faint from the West emits his Evening Ray,
Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling Waste, that buries wide
The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox
Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands
The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,
Tamed by the cruel Season, croud around
The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. **One alone**
The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
In joyless Fields and thorny Thickets, leaves
His shivering Mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual Visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm Hearth; then, hopping o'er the Floor,
Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs
Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
Tho' timorous of Heart, and hard beset
By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,
And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
With looks of dumb Despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd Herb thro' Heaps of Snow.

.....



6



"One alone

The red-breast saved to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit."

Thomson.



The four line verse chosen for Illustration 7 came from British poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "The Rime of The Ancient Mariner, in Seven Parts" published in 1798.

"The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, in Seven Parts"

.....

The daylight dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the lavrock sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased, yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of *a hidden brook*
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune--

Listen, oh listen, thou wedding guest!
'Marinere, thou hast thy will!
For that which comes out of thine eye doth make
My body and soul to be still.'

'Never sadder tale was told
To a man of woman born;
Sadder and wiser thou wedding-guest
Thou'lt rise tomorrow morn!

.....



7



"A hidden brook in the leafy month of June
That to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune

Coleridge.

—

2.7 Illustrated Verse from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, circa 1860.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 8 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book I: The Sofa", lines 109-112..

"The Task, Book I: The Sofa"

.....
Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
Delighted. ***There, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;***
While far beyond, and overthwart the stream
That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
Displaying on its varied side the grace
Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote.
Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.

.....



8



"There, fast rooted in their bank
Stand, never over-looked, our favourite elms
That screens the herdsman's solitary hut."

Cowper.



Cranstone was inspired to prepare Illustration 9 from a verse in "To A Skylark" (1820) written by English poet Percy Bysshe Shelley.

"To a Sky-Lark"

***Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert –
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.***

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken Sun –
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of Heaven
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, --- but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see --- we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As when Night is bare
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams --- and Heaven is overflowed.



To a Skylark

"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart

In profuse strains of unpremeditated ^{art.}

Shelley.
L. S.

2.9 Illustrated Verse from "To a Skylark" by Percy Bysshe Shelly, circa 1860.



Illustration 10 by Cranstone is based on a verse in the poem "Summer Morning" by English poet John Clare published in the July 16, 1825 issue of the serial publication *The Every-Day Book*.

"Summer Morning"

The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep.
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic sloomy goes;
The dews, brushed off from grass and flowers,
Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes.

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And, stretching o'er the mountain tops,
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

***'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,***
When Nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay, --
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumines,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;
And hear the beetle sound his horn:
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel from the sky.



10



'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or stretched beneath the shade of trees
Peruse and pause on Nature's book."

Clare.



Cranstone chose a verse from the poem “The Petition for an Absolute Retreat” (1713) by the English poetess Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea, as his topic for Illustration 11.

“The Petition for an Absolute Retreat”

***Give me O indulgent Fate!
Give me yet, before I Dye,
A sweet, but absolute Retreat,
'Mongst paths so lost, and Trees so high,
That the World may ne'er invade,
Through such Windings and such Shade,
My unshaken liberty.***

No Intruders thither come!
Who visit, but to be from home;
None who their vain Moments pass,
Only studious of their Glass,
News, that charm to listning Ears;
That false Alarm to Hopes and Fears;
That common Theme for every Fop,
From the Statesman to the Shop,
In those Coverts ne'er be spread,
Of who's Deceas'd, or who's to Wed,
Be no Tidings thither brought,
But Silent, as a Midnight Thought,
Where the World may ne'er invade,
Be those Windings, and that Shade:

Courteous Fate! Afford me there
A *Table* spread without my Care,

.....



//



"Give me, O indulgent Fate
Give me yet, before I die,
A sweet, but absolute retreat,
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,
That the world may ne'er invade
Through such windings and such shade,
My unshaken liberty."

Countess of Winchelsea.



Illustration 12 is based on a verse Cranstone chose from the English poet Bernard Barton's poem "Power and Gentleness; or The Cataract and the Streamlet" (1828).

"Power and Gentleness; or, The Cataract and the Streamlet"

***Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness, -- thunder in its deafening sound.***

Mark how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day,
Arching indignity the vaulted skies.

Thence in a summer shower,
Steeping the rocks around! Oh tell me, where
Could Majesty and Power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier in my view
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives, -- itself unseen.

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet bounty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard; its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of *gentleness*,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

.....



Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness — thunder in its deafening sound!

Bernard Barton.



Illustration 13 is based on a verse chosen from the poem “Rural Sports” (1713) written by the English poet John Gay.

“Rural Sports”

.....When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The lab'rer with the bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green,
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand:
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws;
But if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experience'd swain foresees the coming hour,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright *Phoebus* gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers:
***Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bord'ring hazle overhangs the streams
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And ev'n at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.***

Here I peruse the Mantuan's *Georgic* strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;

.....



"Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines:
Where flows the murm'ring brook inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound:
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And even at noon the sweets of evening taste."

Gay.



Illustration 14 was inspired by a verse from the poem "The Golden Mile-Stone" by the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The poem was first published in the November 1, 1857 edition of the "Atlantic Monthly Magazine".

"The Golden Mile-Stone"

***Leafless are the trees; their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.***

From the hundred chimneys of the village,
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,
Smoky columns
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window winks the flickering fire-light;
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,
Social watch-fires
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,
And like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree
For its freedom
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,
Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,
Asking sadly
Of the past what it can ne'er restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,
Building castles fair, with stately stairways,
Asking blindly
Of the future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted
In whose scenes appear two actors only,
Wife and husband,
And above them God the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,
Wives and children, with fair, thoughtful faces,
Watching, watching
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

.....



Leafless are the trees: their purple branches
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral,
Rising silent
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

Longfellow.

- 2.14 Illustrated Verse from "The Golden Milestone" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, circa 1860.



Illustration 15 was inspired by a verse from the poem “Twilight” by the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The poem was included in his collection of poems *The Seaside and the Fireside* published in 1849.

“Twilight”

***The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.***

But in the fisherman’s cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman’s waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending Low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

.....



The twilight is sad and cloudy.
The wind blows wild and free
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.

Longfellow.



The topic of Illustration 16 is a verse from "The Waterfall" a poem written by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Raffles and first published in the 1832 edition of the annual *Winter's Wreath*.

"The Waterfall"

*I love the roaring waterfall,
Within some deep romantic glen;
'Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men;
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.*

They tell of ages long gone by,
And beings passed away,
Who sought, perhaps with curious eye,
These rocks where I so love to stray;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

And from the past they seem to call
My spirit to the realms beyond
The ruin that must soon befall
These scenes where grandeur sits enthroned;
And thus its thunders sound to me
Like voices from eternity.

For I am on a torrent borne,
That whirls me rapidly away,
From morn to eve, -- from day to day;
And all that live and breathe with me
Are hurrying to eternity.

This mighty cataract's thundering sound,
In louder thunders soon must die;
And all these rugged mountains round,
Uprooted, must in ruin lie:
But that dread hour will prove to me
The dawning of eternity!

Eternity! That vast unknown!
Who can that deep abyss explore?
Which swallows up the ages gone!
Oh may I find that boundless sea,
A bright, a blest eternity!



I love the roaring water-fall
Within some deep romantic glen,
Mid desert wilds, remote from all
The gay and busy haunts of men.
For its loud thunders sound to me
Like voices from Eternity.

Raffles.



Cranstone used a verse from the Irish poet Oliver Goldsmith's poem "The Deserted Village" (1770) as his inspiration for Illustration 17.

"The Deserted Village"

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:

.....



17.



How often have I paused on every charm
The sheltered Cot. &c.

Goldsmith.



The English poetess Dorothy Wordsworth, poet William Wordsworth's sister, wrote the poem "Address to a Child During A Boisterous Winter Evening" (1798) from which Cranstone chose a verse as his topic of Illustration 18. William Wordsworth included this and two other poems by Dorothy in his book *Lyrical Ballads* (1798)

"Address to a Child During A Boisterous Winter Evening"

By My Sister

What way does the wind come? What way does
he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood, and through vale; and o'er rocky
height,
Which the goat cannot climb, takes his
sounding flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.
He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,
And rings a sharp 'larum; but, if you should
look,
There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow
Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,
And softer than if it were covered with silk.
Sometimes he'll ride in the cave of a rock,
Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock.
--Yet seek him, -- and what shall you find in the
place?
Nothing but silence and empty space;
Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,
That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!
***As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,***

***And cracked the branches, and strewn them
about:***

Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright
twig
That looked up at the sky so proud and big
All last summer, as well you know,
Studded with apples, a beautiful show!
Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,
And growls as if he would fix his claws
Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle
Drive them down, like men in a battle:
--But let him range round; he does us no harm,
We build up the fire, we're snug and warm;
Untouched by his breath see the candle shines
bright,
And burns with a clear and steady light;
Books have we to read, -- but that half-stifled
knell,
Alas! 't is the sound of the eight o'clock bell.
--Come, now we'll to bed! And when we are
there
He may work his own will, and what shall we
care?
He may knock at the door, -- we'll not let him in;
May drive at the windows, -- we'll laugh at his
din;
Let him seek his own home wherever it may be;
Here's a cozie warm house for Edward and me.

.....



As soon as 'tis day-light, tomorrow with me
You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see
That he has been there, and made a great rout,
And cracked the branches, and strewn them about.

Wordsworth.

- 2.18 Illustrated Verse from "Address to a Child During A Boisterous Winter Evening" by Dorothy Wordsworth, circa 1860.



Illustration 19 was inspired by the first three lines of the poem "A Sabbath Walk in Summer" (1807) written by the Scottish poet James Grahame.

"A Sabbath Walk in Summer"

***Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart; pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.***

Here Nature in her midnoon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound! The ring-dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear, ---
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp, ---the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,
That soon as loos'd, booms with full twang away, ---
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scar'd from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed
Trout watches his time to spring: or, from above,
Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize: -- sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd,)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

.....



19



"Delightful is this loneliness! it calms
My heart: pleasant the cool beneath these alms,
'That throw across the stream a moveless shade!'"

Grahame.



A verse from the poem "Ode to Evening" (1747) by English poet William Collins was used by Cranstone as the inspiration for Illustration 20.

"Ode to Evening"

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd
sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd
bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid compos'd
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
with sedge

And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.
Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.
Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,
And hamlets brown and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.
While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train
 And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy fav'rite name!



"And hamlets brown, and dim discovered spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

Collins.



A verse from "Sonnet 7" (To the Rainbow) (1794) written by English poet Robert Southey is the inspiration for Illustration 21.

"Sonnet 7"
(To The Rainbow)

***Mild arch of promise, on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting.*** Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weather'd, seem'd to smile
Flashing brief splendour through the clouds awhile.
That deepen'd dark anon and fell in rain:
But pleasant is it now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that Piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.



"Mild arch of promise ! in the evening sky,
Thou shinest fair with many a lovely ray
Each in the other melting."

Southey.



A verse from the poem "A Nocturnal Reverie" (1713) by the English poetess Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea, was used by Cranstone in Illustration 22.

"A Nocturnal Reverie"

In such a *Night*, when every louder Wind
Is to its distant Cavern safe confin'd;
And only gently *Zephyr* fans his Wings,
And lone *Philomel*, still waking, sings;
Or from some tree, fam'd for the *Owl's* delight,
She, hollowing clear, directs the Wand'rer right:
In such a *Night*, when passing Clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the Heav'ns mysterious Face;
***When in some River, overhung with Green,
The waving Moon and trembling Leaves are seen;***
When freshen'd Grass now bears it self upright,
And makes cool Banks to pleasing Rest invite,
Whence springs the *Woodbind*, and the *Bramble-Rose*,
And where the sleepy *Cowslip* shelter'd grows;
Whilst now a paler Hue the *Foxglove* takes,
Yet checquers still with Red the dusky brakes
When scatter'd *Glow-worms*, but in Twilight fine,
Shew trivial Beauties watch their Hour to shine;
Whilst *Salisbury* stands the Test of every Light,
In perfect Charms, and perfect Virtue bright:
When Odours, which declin'd repelling Day,
Thro' temp'rate Air uninterrupted stray;
When darken'd Groves their softest Shadows wear,
And falling Waters we distinctly hear;
When thro' the Gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient Fabrick, awful in Repose,
When Sunburnt Hills their swarthy Looks conceal,
And Swelling Haycocks thicken up the Vale:
When the loos'd *Horse* now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing thro'th' adjoining Meads,
Whose stealing Pace, and lengthen'd Shade we fear,
Till torn up Forage in his Teeth we hear:

.....



"When in some river overhung with green
The warring moon and trembling leaves are seen"

Countess of Winchelsea.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 23 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book I: The Sofa", lines 166-168..

"The Task, Book I: The Sofa"

.....
Oh may I live exempted (while I live
Guiltless of pamper'd appetite obscene)
From pangs arthritic, that infest the toe
Of libertine excess. The Sofa suits
The gouty limb, 'tis true; but gouty limb,
Though on a Sofa, may I never feel:
***For I have lov'd the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth close cropt by nibbling sheep,
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs;*** have lov'd the rural walk
O'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' brink,
E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds
T'enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames;
And still remember, nor without regret
Of hours that sorrow since has much endear'd,
How oft, my slice of pocket store consum'd,
Still hung'ring, pennyless and far from home,
I fed on scarlet hips and stony haws,
Or blushing crabs, or berries, that emboss
The bramble, black as jet, or sloes austere.
.....



"For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
Of grassy swarth, close cropped by nibbling sheep.
And skirted thick with intertexture firm
Of thorny boughs"

Cowper.



Illustration 24 is based on a verse from the poem “The Excursion, Book Fourth: Despondency Corrected” (1814) written by English poet William Wordsworth.

“The Excursion, Book Fourth: Despondency Corrected”
(lines 91-122)

.....Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed Spirits,
Which Thou includest, as the sea her waves:
For adoration Thou endur'st; endure
For consciousness the motions of Thy will;
For apprehension those transcendent truths
Of the pure intellect, that stand as laws
(Submission constituting strength and power)
Even to Thy Being's infinite majesty!
This universe shall pass away – a work
Glorious! Because the shadow of Thy might,
A step, or link, for intercourse with Thee.
Ah! If the time must come, in which my feet
No more shall stray **where meditation leads,**
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,
Loved haunts like these; the unimprisoned Mind
May yet have scope to range among her own,
Her thoughts, her images, her high desires.
If the dear faculty of sight should fail,
Still, it may be allowed me to remember
What visionary powers of eye and soul
In youth were mine; when, stationed on the top
Of some huge hill -- expectant, I beheld
The sun rise up, from distant climes returned
Darkness to chase, and sleep; and bring the day
His bounteous gift! Or saw him towards the deep
Sink, with a retinue of flaming clouds
Attended; then, my spirit was entranced
With joy exalted to beatitude;
The measure of my soul was filled with bliss,
And holiest love; as earth, sea, air, with light,
With pomp, with glory, with magnificence
.....



24



"Where meditation leads
By flowing stream, through wood, or craggy wild,"

Wordsworth.

- 2.24 Illustrated Verse from "The Excursion, Book Fourth, Despondency Corrected" by William Wordsworth, circa 1860.



Illustration 25 is based on a second verse Cranstone used from the poem “The Excursion, Book Fourth: Despondency Corrected” (1814) written by English poet William Wordsworth.

“The Excursion, Book Fourth: Despondency Corrected”
(Lines 1058-1076)

..... ‘Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal that they become
Contingencies of pomp; and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. **As the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees;** and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man’s celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.’

.....



25.



"As the ample moon.
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light,
In the green trees."

Wordsworth.

- 2.25 Illustrated Verse from "The Excursion, Book Fourth, Despondency Corrected" by William Wordsworth, circa 1860.



The poem "We Are Seven" (1798) by English poet William Wordsworth contributed the verse Cranstone used for Illustration 26.

"We Are Seven"

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
--Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie,
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;

If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

***My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
and sing a song to them.***

"And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"If they two are in heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
'O Master, we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"



"My stockings there I often knit,
My Kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them."

Wordsworth.



Cranstone's Illustration 27 is based on a verse selected from the play *Douglas: A Tragedy* (1757) written by the Scottish dramatic poet (playwright) John Home.

Douglas: A Tragedy
(Act V, lines 1-12)

"The Wood"

Enter Douglas

***This is the place, the centre of the grove.
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this mid-night scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.***
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves;
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a still sound.
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believ'd,
Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter Old Norval
Norval

'Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence?
His just reproach I fear.

(Douglas turns and sees him)

Forgive, forgive,

Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcom's heir a shepherd's son.

Douglas

Kneel not to me: tho art my father still:
Thy wish'd-for presence now compleats my joy.

.....



"This is the place, the centre of the grove:
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood,
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Through skies where I could count each little star."

Home.



Illustration 28 is based on a verse from the poem “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard” (1751) by the English poet Thomas Gray who is known for his statement that “ignorance is bliss”.

“Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard”

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now faces the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand’ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

***Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree’s shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mold’ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.***

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt’ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock’s shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire’s return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

.....



Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

Gray.

- 2.28 Illustrated Verse from "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" by Thomas Gray, circa 1860.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 29 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book I: The Sofa", lines 221-227.

"The Task, Book I: The Sofa"

.....
When Winter soaks the fields, and female feet,
Too weak to struggle with tenacious clay,
Of ford the rivulets, are best at home,
The task of new discoveries falls on me.
At such a season, and with such a change
Once went I forth; and found, till then unknown,
***A cottage, whither oft we since repair:
'Tis perch'd upon the green-hill top, but close
Environ'd with a ring of branching elms
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below; so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I call'd the low-roofed lodge the peasant's nest.***
And, hidden as it is, and far remote
From such unpleasing sounds as haunt the ear
In village or in town, the bay of curs
Incessant, clinking hammers, grinding wheels,
And infants clam'rous whether pleas'd or pain'd,
Oft have I wish'd the peaceful covert mine.
Here, I have said, at least I should possess
The poet's treasure, silence and indulge
The dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure.

.....



"A cottage, whither oft we since repair,
"Is perched upon the green hill-tops, but close
Environed with a ring of branching elms,
That overhang the thatch, itself unseen
Peeps at the vale below: so thick beset
With foliage of such dark redundant growth,
I called the low-roofed ridge the peasants' nest."

Cowper.



A verse from the poem "The Death of the Old Year" (1833) by English poet Lord Alfred Tennyson served as the theme for Illustration 30.

"The Death of the Old Year"

***Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.***

Old year you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move:
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend and a true true-love
And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old year you must not go;
So long you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are 'o'er.
To see him die across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.



"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly, and speak low,
For the old year lies a dying."

Tennyson.



The English poet Gilbert White was considered the country's first ecologist because of his study of nature. Cranstone used a verse from his poem "The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk" (1789) for his Illustration 31.

"The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk"

When day declining sheds a milder gleam,
What time the may-fly haunts the pool or stream;
When the still owl skims round the grassy mead,
What time the timorous hare limps forth to feed;
Then be the time to steal adown the vale,
And listen to the vagrant cuckoo's tale;
To hear the clamorous curlew call his mate,
Or the soft quail his tender pain relate;
To see the swallow sweep the dark'ning plain
Belated, to support her infant train;
To mark the swift in rapid giddy ring
Dash round the steeple, unsubdu'd of wing:
Amusive birds! – say where your hid retreat
When the frost rages and the tempests beat;
Whence your return, by such nice instinct led,
When spring, soft season, lifts her bloomy head?
Such baffled searches mock man's prying pride,
The God of Nature is your secret guide!

While deep'ning shades obscure the face of day,
To yonder bench leaf-shelter'd let us stray,
'Till blended objects fail the swimming sight,
And all the fading landscape sinks in night;

To hear the drowsy dor come brushing by
With buzzing wing, or the shrill cricket cry;
To see the feeding bat glance through the wood;
To catch the distant falling of the flood;
While o'er the cliff th' awaken'd churn-owl hung
Through the still gloom protracts his chattering song;
While high in air, and pois'd upon his wings,
Unseen, the soft, enamoured woodlark sings:
These, Nature's works, the curious mind employ,
Inspire a soothing melancholy joy:
As fancy warms, a pleasing kind of pain
Steals o'er the cheek, and thrills the creeping vein!

Each rural sight, each sound, each smell, combine;
The tinkling sheep-bell, or the breath of kine;
***The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage-chimney smoking through the trees.***

The chilling night-dews fall: --- away, retire;
For see, the glow-worm lights her amorous fire!
Thus, e'er night's veil had half obscur'd the sky,
Th' impatient damsel hung her lamp on high:
True to the signal, by love's meteor led,
Leander hasten'd to his Hero's bed.



31



"The new-mown hay that scents the swelling breeze,
Or cottage chimney smoking through the trees"

Gilbert White.

- 2.31 Illustrated Verse from "The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk" by Gilbert White, circa 1860.



Illustration 32 was inspired by a verse from “The Dream” (1839), a poem 1,505 lines long, written by the English poetess Caroline Norton.

“The Dream”

.....

‘Twas summer eve; the changeful beams still play’d
On the fir-bark and through the beechen shade;
Still with soft crimson glow’d each floating cloud;
Still the stream glitter’d where the willow bow’d;
Still the pale moon sate silent and alone,
Nor yet the stars had rallied round her throne;
Those diamond courtiers, who, while yet the West
Wears the red shield above his dying breast,
Dare not assume the loss they all desire,
Nor pay their homage to the fainter fire,
But wait in trembling till the Sun’s fair light
Fading, shall leave them free to welcome Night!

So when some Chief, whose name through realms afar
Was still the watchword of successful war,
Met by the fatal hour which waits for all,
Is, on the field he rallied, forced to fall,
The conquerors pause to watch his parting breath,
Awed by the terrors of that mighty death;
Nor dare the meed of victory to claim,
Nor lift the standard to a meaner name,
Till every spark of soul hath ebb’d away,
And leaves what was a hero, common clay.

Oh! Twilight! Spirit that dost render birth
To dim enchantments; melting Heaven with Earth,
Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
A softness like the atmosphere of dreams;
Thy hour to all is welcome! **Faint and sweet**
Thy light falls round the peasant’s homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sunset gild the cultured soil,
And, tho’ such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spark his cottage window throws.
Still as his heart forestals his weary pace,
Fondly he dreams of each familiar face,
Recalls the treasures of his narrow life,
His rosy children, and his sunburnt wife.

.....



"Faint and sweet
Thy light falls round the peasant's homeward feet,
Who, slow returning from his task of toil,
Sees the low sun-set gild the cultured soil,
And, though such radiance round him brightly glows,
Marks the small spot his cottage window throws"

Mrs Norton.



Cranstone chose a verse from the poem "To Autumn" (1820) written by the Romantic era English poet John Keats as the theme for Illustration 33.

"To Autumn"

*Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.*

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fumes of poppies, while thy hook
Spare the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozeings, hours by hours.

Where are the sons of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barr'd clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.



"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun:
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run:
 To bend with apples the moss'd cottage eaves,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
 To swell the gourd and plump the hazel-shells,
 With a sweet kernel: to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For summer has ~~over~~brimm'd their clammy cells."

Keats



A verse from a poem written in 1766 by Irish poet John Cunningham titled "Day: A Pastoral, Carpe Diem", Section One "Morning" was used by Cranstone for Illustration 34.

"Day: A Pastoral"
Section One: "Morning"

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

***From the low-roofed cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.***

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious; -- whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.



34



From the low-roofed cottage ridge
See the chattering swallow spring!
Darting through the one arch'd bridge
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Cunningham-



Cranstone chose two verses from the poem "The Fakenham Ghost: A Ballad" (1802) written by English poet Robert Bloomfield as his inspiration for the amusing Illustration 35.

"The Fakenham Ghost: A Ballad"

... The Lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here Truth inspires my Tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.

***Benighted was an ancient Dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow shade.***

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darksome Copse
That whisper'd on the Hill;

Where clam'rous Rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing Deer
That sought the Shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.

***Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.***

She turn'd; it stopt; -- nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame;
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

.....



35



The Fakenham Ghost.

Brighted was an ancient dame
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham
And hail its willow shade.

Darker it grew, and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

Bloomfield.

- 2.35 Illustrated Verse from "The Fakenham Ghost: A Ballad" by Robert Bloomfield, circa 1860.



A verse from a poem written in 1766 by Irish poet John Cunningham titled "Day: A Pastoral, Carpe Diem", Section One "Morning" was used by Cranstone for Illustration 36.

Day: A Pastoral"
Section One: "Morning"

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

***Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nursed by night, retire:
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.***

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:

Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies on the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed
(Restless till her task be done),
Now the busy bee's employed
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious; -- whilst the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drowns his pipe.

Sweet, O sweet, the warbling throng
On the white emblossomed spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day



36



Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nursed by night, retire
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Cunningham



Cranstone chose a portion of Verse 31 from the 16th century English poet Sir Philip Sidney's 1,498 line long poem "Astrophil and Stella" as the inspiration for Illustration 37.

"Astrophil and Stella"
Verse 31

***With how sad steps ô Moone, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wanne a face,
What may it be, that even in heav'nly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?***
Sure if that long with Love acquainted eyes
Can judge of Love, thou feel'st a Lovers case;
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace
To me that feele the like, thy state describes.
Then ev'n of fellowship, ô Moone, tell me
Is constant Love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those Lovers scorne whom that Love doth possesse?
Do they call *Vertue* there ungratefulnesse?

Verse 32

Morpheus the lively sonne of deadly sleepe,
Winesse of life to them that living die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creepe,
Since thou in me so sure a power doest keepe,
That never I with close up sense do lie,
But by the worke (my *Stella*) I descrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe,.
Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence hast thou *Ivorie*, *Rubies*, pearle and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?
Foole, answers he, no *Indes* such treasures hold,
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stellas* image I do steale to mee.

.....



37.
/



With how sad steps O Moon! thou climb'st the skies
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries.

Sir Philip Sydney.



The poem "The Pet Lamb – A Pastoral" (1798) by English poet William Wordsworth contributed the verse Cranstone used for Illustration 38.

"The Pet Lamb: A Pastoral"

***The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side.***

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ear; and his tail with pleasure shook.
'Drink, pretty creature, drink,' she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare:
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked; and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

'What ails thee, young One? What? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? Well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

'What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!



38.



"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice: it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side."

Wordsworth.





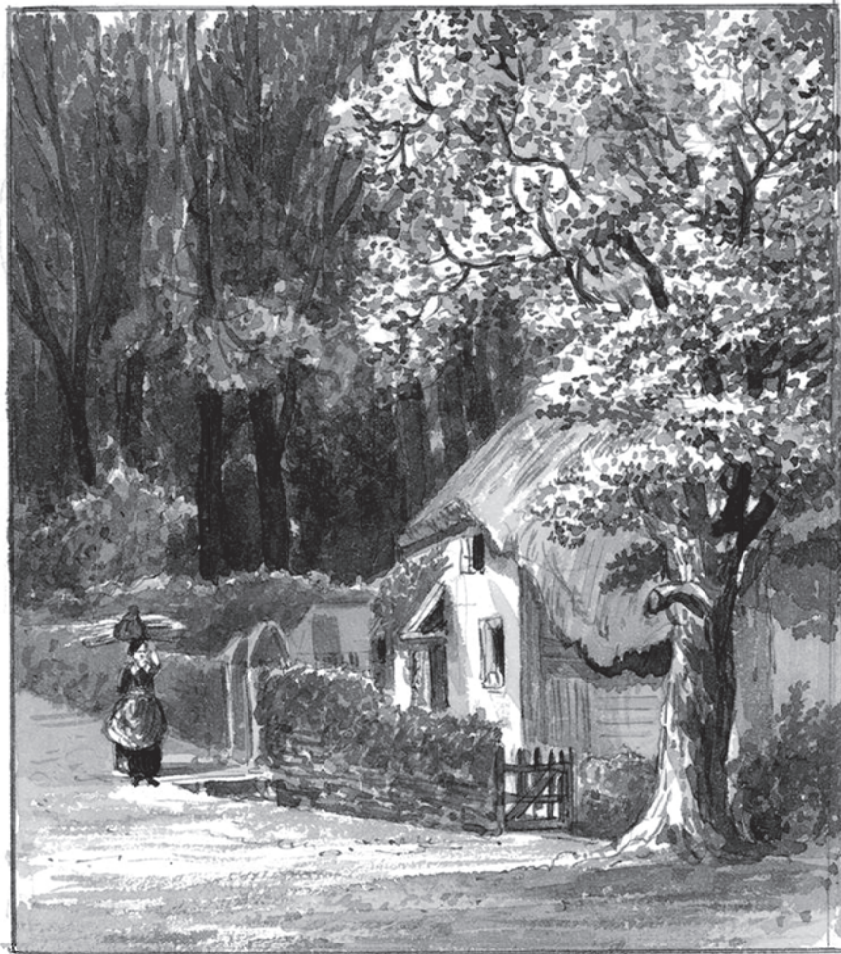
Cranstone's inspiration for Illustration 39 was James Thomson's poem "The Seasons" which consists of four parts, "Spring" (1728), "Summer" (1727), "Autumn" (1730) and "Winter" (1726). The verse chosen consists of lines 177-191 from 1,371 lines long "Autumn" (1730).

"Autumn"

..... The lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends;
And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
For, in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,
***She, with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a Cottage, far retir'd
Among the Windings of a woody Vale;***
By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride:
Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed;
Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning Rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
As is the Lily, or the mountain Snow.
The modest Virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, daring all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her Mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promised once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native Grace
Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polished limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire;
Beyond the pomp of dress; for Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
.....



39



"She, with her widowed mother, feeble, old,
And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired
Among the windings of a woody vale."

Thomson.



A verse from the poem “Ode to Evening” (1747) by English poet William Collins was used by Cranstone as the inspiration for Illustration 40.

“Ode to Evening”

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest
ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,
O nymph reserved, while now the bright-hair'd
sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd
bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,
As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid compos'd
 To breathe some soften'd strain,
Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return!
For when thy folding-star arising shews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and elves
 Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows
with sedge
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,
 The pensive Pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car.
***Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.***
Or if chill blust'ring winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That from the mountain's side
 Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil.
While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he
wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve;
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light;
While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train
 And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, regardless of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy fav'rite name!



"Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene:
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Collins.



Illustration 41 was inspired by a verse from the poem "Prelude" by the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It was included in his collection of poems *Voices of the Night* published in 1839.

"Prelude"

***Pleasant it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go;***

Or where the denser grove receives
No sunlight from above
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves,
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound; -

A slumberous sound, - a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream, -
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gaze into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

.....



"Pleasant it was, when woods were green
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sun-light sheen
Alternate come and go."

Longfellow.



The Scottish dramatist and poet Joanna Baillie penned the play “Orra” from which Cranstone chose a verse from Act I, Scene III for his Illustration 42.

“Orra”
Act I, Scene III

.....

Orra. O nothing strange, my gentle Eleanora!
Did'st thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunn'd glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silv'ry brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?
***Or lonely Tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? – Gentle Friend!***
Chide not her mirth, who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Glott. And wherefore art thou sad, unless it is
From thine own way-ward humour? Other Dames
Were they so courted, would be gay and happy.

Orra. Way-ward it needs must be, since I am sad
When such perfection woos me.
Pray, good Glottenbal,
How did'st thou learn with such a wond'rous grace
To toss thy armed heels up in the air,
And clutch with outspread hands the slipp'ry sand?
I was the more amaz'd at thy dexterity,
As this, of all the feats which thou, before-hand,
Did'st promise to perform, most modestly,
Thou did'st forbear to mention.

.....



42



"Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Gave to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it?"

Joanna Baillie.



Cranstone's inspiration for Illustration 43 was James Thomson's poem "The Seasons" which consists of four parts, "Spring" (1728), "Summer" (1727), "Autumn" (1730) and "Winter" (1726). The verse chosen consists of line 951 from the 1,173 lines long "Spring" (1728).

"Spring"

.....And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,
You tread the long Extent of backward Time:
Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
And honest zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage,
BRITANNIA'S weal; how from the venal Gulph
To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts
The Muses charm: while, with sure Taste refin'd
You draw the inspiring Breath of ancient Song,
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy loved LUCINDA shares thy Walk,
With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love;
And all the Tumult of a guilty World,
Tost by ungenerous Passions, sinks away.
The tender Heart is animated Peace;
And as it pours its copious Treasures forth,
In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme,
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes,
Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace,
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameless spirit of ethereal Joy,
Inimitable Happiness! which Love,
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd Few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair Brow
The bursting Prospect spreads immense around;
And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,
And Villages ***embosom'd soft in Trees,***
And spiry Towns by surging Columns mark'd
Of household Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:
Wide-stretching from the *Hall* in whose kind Haunt
The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
To where the broken Landskip, by Degrees
Ascending, roughens into rigid Hills;
O'er which the *Cambrian* Mountains, like far clouds
That skirt the blue Horizon, dusky, rise.....



43



“————— embosomed soft in trees!”

Thomson.



Cranstone's inspiration for Illustration 44 was James Thomson's poem "The Seasons" written in four parts, "Spring" (1728), "Summer" (1727), "Autumn" (1730) and "Winter" (1726). The verse chosen consists of lines 58-60 from the 1,804 lines long "Summer" (1727).

"Summer"

..... And soon, observant of approaching Day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East:
Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glow,
And, from before the Luster of her Face,
White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
The dripping Rock, the Mountain's misty Top,
Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn.
Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoaking Currents shine;
And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
Limps, awkward; **while along the Forest-glade**
The wild Deer trip, and, often turning gaze
At early Passenger. Musick awakes,
The native Voice of undissembled Joy;
And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves
His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crowded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake,
And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due, and sacred Song?

.....



44



— "while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger"—

Thomson.



The English poet Bryan Waller Proctor alias “Barry Cornwall” wrote the poem “Marcian Colonna” (1820) and Cranstone took a verse from “Part Three, Act VII” as his topic for Illustration 45.

“Marcian Colonna”
Part Three, Act VII

.....

Oh! Wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth’s dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach
Marking the sun-light at the evening hour
And harken to the thoughts thy waters teach –
Eternity --- Eternity --- and Power.

End of Act VII



I love to wander on thy pebbled beach
Marking the sun-light at the evening hour
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity — Eternity — and Power.

Procter,



Illustration 46 is based on a verse Cranstone chose from the English poet Bernard Barton's poem "Power and Gentleness; or The Cataract and the Streamlet" (1828).

"Power and Gentleness; or The Cataract and the Streamlet"

Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness, -- thunder in its deafening sound.

Mark how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day,
Arching indignity the vaulted skies.

Thence in a summer shower,
Steeping the rocks around! Oh tell me, where
Could Majesty and Power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier in my view
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives, -- itself unseen.

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet bounty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

***Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard; its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.***

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.
May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charm of *gentleness*,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

.....



46.



"Gently it murmurs by
The village church-yard:— its low plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own."

Bernard Barton.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 47 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book VI: The Winter Walk at Noon", lines 6-12.

Book VI, "The Winter Walk at Noon"

*There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk, or grave:
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.
**How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! Now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept.** Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet, feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend!
A father, whose authority in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;*

.....



47.



"How soft the music of those village bells
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept."

Cowper.



Cranstone used a verse from the Irish poet Oliver Goldsmith's poem "The Deserted Village" (1770) as his inspiration for Illustration 48.

"The Deserted Village"

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed,
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene;
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smuttred face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:

.....



"The never failing brook, the busy mill."

Goldsmith.



Illustration 49 was inspired by the first three lines of the poem “An Autumn Sabbath Walk” (1807) written by the Scottish poet James Grahame. However, the illustration for this page is missing in the original album with only the poetry verse and poet’s name present.

“An Autumn Sabbath Walk”

***When homeward bands their several ways disperse
I love to linger in the narrow field***

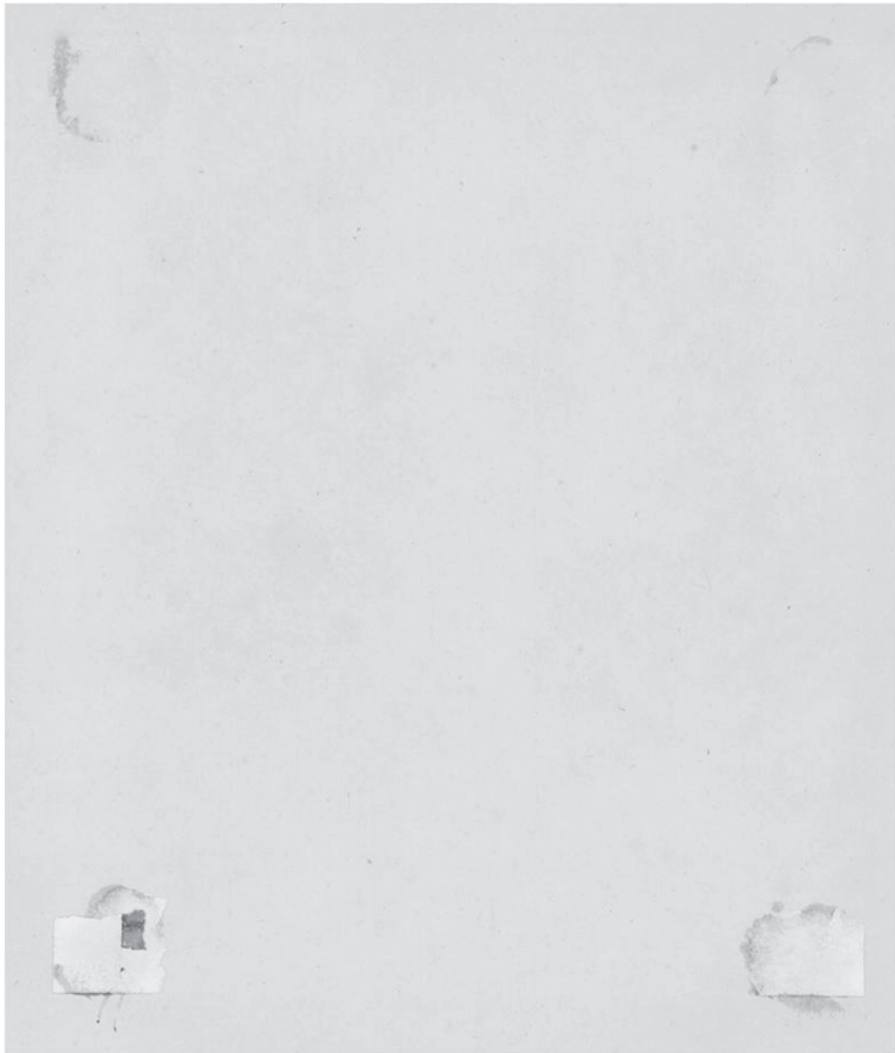
***Of rest, to wander around from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.***

Sad sighs the wind, that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass:
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows ‘tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! ‘tis the poor blind man’s dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and friend – conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Through bred to brave the deep: the lightning’s flash
Had dimmed, not closed, his mild, but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range;
(it was not wide) no dog would bay at him:
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rushy cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to the sprit! That now looks on me,
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on the way.
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile.

.....



49.



"When homeward bands their several ways disperse
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb
And think of some who silent sleep below."

Grahame.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 50 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book IV: The Winter Evening", lines 120-133.

"The Task, Book IV: The Winter Evening"

*.....Oh Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slpp'ry way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning East,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy West; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.*

.....



50.



"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks,
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st
And dreaded as thou art!"

Cowper.



Illustration 51 is based on a verse Cranstone selected from the poem "To Daffodils" (1648) written by English poet Robert Herrick.

"To Daffodils"

.....
***Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evensong;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.***

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

.....



51



Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attained his noon,
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run,
But to the even-song!
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.
Herrick.





Cranstone's inspiration for Illustration 52 was James Thomson's poem "The Seasons" which consists of four parts, "Spring", "Summer", "Autumn" and "Winter". The verse chosen consists of lines 1082-1095 from the 1,371 lines long "Autumn".

"Autumn"

.....The Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day;
And humid Evening, gilding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd
The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled Lawn. ***Mean-while the Moon,
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd Clouds,
Shows her broad Visage in the crimson'd East.***
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
And Caverns deep, as optic Tube describes,
A smaller earth, gives all his Blaze again,
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer Day.
Now through the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the skied mountain to the shadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when, half blotted from the sky, her Light
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener luster through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly, beamless white;
Oft in this season, silent from the north
A blaze of Meteors shoots: ensweeping first
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light.
.....



"Meanwhile the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east."

Thompson.

—



Illustration 53 is based on a verse Cranstone chose from the English poet Bernard Barton's poem "Sea-Side Thoughts" (1820).

"Sea-Side Thoughts"

***Beautiful, sublime, and glorious;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free, --
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.***

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
'Twere as easy to control
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unroll.

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb and flow,
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace;
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth, -- her valleys and her mountains,
Mortal mans behests obey;
The unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search and scorn his sway.

Such art thou -- stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think, without emotion,
What must thy Creator be?



Beautiful, sublime, and glorious:
Mild, majestic, foaming, free,—
Over time itself victorious
Image of Eternity.

Bernard Barton.



The English poet William Cowper's five thousand lines long poem "The Task" (1785) was the source of several verses for Cranstone's illustrations. Illustration 54 is based on a verse from "The Task, Book V: The Winter Morning Walk", lines 41-44.

"The Task, Book V: The Winter Morning Walk"

.....The cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hung'ring man
Fretfull if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out th' accustomed load,
Deep-plunging and again deep plunging oft
His broad keen knife into the solid mass.
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away. No needless care,
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.

***Forth goes the woodman leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the sedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.***

Shaggy and lean and shrew'd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark. Nor stops for aught,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
T'adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

.....



54



Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge, in yonder forest drear
From morn to eve his solitary task.

Cowper

-



Cranstone chose the first stanza of the First Book of "Thalaba the Destroyer" (1801) written by English poet Robert Southey for Illustration 55.

"Thalaba The Destroyer"

The First Book

1.

*How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures; nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths;
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!*

2.

Who at this untimely hour
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove, islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widow'd mother and the fatherless boy,
They at this untimely hour
Wander o'er the desert sands.

3.

Alas! The setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved.
Alas! The wife beloved
The fruitful mother late,
Whom when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wish'd their lot like her's,
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now;
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.



55



How beautiful is Night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air:
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of Heaven:
In full-orch'd glory yonder Moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is Night!

Southey.

2.55 Illustrated Verse from "Thalaba the Destroyer: The First Book" by Robert Southey, circa 1860.



A verse from a poem written in 1766 by Irish poet John Cunningham titled "Day: A Pastoral, Carpe Diem", Section Two "Noon" was used by Cranstone for Illustration 56.

"Day: A Pastoral"
Section Two: "Noon"

Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Drooping o'er its infant bud.
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

***Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Fervid on the glitt'ring Flood,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.***

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephirs bland,
Where the streamlets wander cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephir springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd -- serene -- and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill -- the hedge -- is green,
Now the warbler's throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!



Now the flock forsake the glade,
Where unchecked the sun-beams fall:
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey wall.

—
J. W. Cunningham.



Illustration 57 is based on a verse taken from “The First Book of The Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius,” (1771) by Scottish poet James Beattie.

“The First Book”

37

Forbear, my muse. Let love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow?
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls, the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

38

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold’s simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, and linnet’s lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

39

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown’d with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling plowman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish’d springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester’d bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.



57.



"The wild brook babbling down the mountain side"

Beattie.

-



Illustration 58 is based on a verse from the poem “Diana” written by the Irish poet Reverend George Croly.

“Diana”

***How like a Queen comes forth the lonely Moon
From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!***

The stars are veiled in light; the ocean-floods,
And the ten thousand streams – the boundless woods,
The trackless wilderness – the mountain’s brow,
Where Winter on eternal pinions broods –
All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom, below,
Touched by thy smile, lone Moon! in one wide
splendour glow.



58



"How like a queen comes forth the lovely Moon
From the slow opening curtains of the clouds,
Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!"

Croly.



Illustration 59 is based on a verse excerpted from Canto VI of the ten canto poem “The World Before The Flood” (1812) written by Scottish poet James Montgomery.

“The World Before The Flood”

Canto VI
(lines 141-168)

Forthwith from home to home throughout the glen,
The friends whom once he knew he sought again;
Each hail'd the stranger welcome at his board,
As lost but found, as dead to life restored.
From Eden's camp no tidings came, the day
In awful expectation pass'd away.
At eve his harp the fond enthusiast strung,
On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung;
While youth and age, an eager throng, admire
The mingling music of the voice and lyre.

***“I love thee, Twilight! As thy shadows roll,
The calm of evening steals upon my soul,
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.***

I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart
Their dear, their dying influence to my heart,
When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind
Awakens all the music of the mind,
And Joy and Sorrow, as the spirit burns,
And Hope and Memory sweep the chords by turns,
While Contemplation, on seraphic wings,
Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.
Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms increase
Till every feeling, every pulse is peace:
Slow from the sky the light of day declines,
Clearer within the dawn of glory shines,
Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest,
A world of wonders in the poet's breast:

.....



54



I love the Twilight! as thy shadows roll
The calm of evening steals upon my soul
Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,
Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene!

Montgomery,

X



Cranstone chose the first verse of the poem "The Rising Moon" written by the American churchman William B. O. Peabody originally published in the January 1, 1833 edition of Parley's Magazine, New York for Illustration 60.

"The Rising Moon"

***The Moon is up! How calm and slow
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow,
And all the world lies still.***

The way-worn travelers with delight
Her rising brightness see;
Revealing all the paths and plains,
And gilding every tree.

It glistens where the hurrying stream
Its little rippling heaves;
It falls upon the forest-shade,
And sparkles on the leaves.

So once on Judah's evening hills
The heavenly luster spread;
The gospel sounded from the blaze,
And shepherds gazed with dread.

And still that light upon the world
Its guiding splendor throws,
Bright in the opening hours of life,
And brighter at the close.

The waning moon in time shall fail
To walk the midnight skies;
But God hath kindled this bright light
With fire that never dies.



60



"The Moon is up! how calm and slow
She wheels above the hill!
The weary winds forget to blow.
And all the world lies still."

Peabody.





Poets' Biographies

1. Joanna Baillie, Scottish dramatist and poet, was born September 1, 1762 at the manse of Bothwell, on the banks of the Clyde. In 1790 she published anonymously *Fugitive Verses* and in 1798 produced her first volume of plays titled *A Series of Plays*. This volume was also published anonymously, but her authorship though at first attributed to Sir Walter Scott, was soon discovered. Miss Baillie died in London on February 23, 1851.¹⁰ (Illus. 42)
2. Bernard Barton was born January 31, 1784 in London the son of a Quaker manufacturer. While working for forty years as a clerk in the Dyke and Samuel Alexander Bank in Woodbridge he produced eight volumes of verse and occasional pieces. His first, *Poems by an Amateur* (1818) was followed by *Poems* (1820). In 1822, he published *Napoleon and Other Poems* and until 1828 his remaining five volumes. Barton died in Woodbridge, England on February 19, 1849.¹¹ (Illus. 12, 46 and 53)
3. James Beattie was born November 5, 1735 in Laurencekirk, Kincardine, Scotland. At the age of twenty-five, he published *Original Poems and Translations* (1761) which had a Romantic attitude toward nature. With his *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism* (1770) he achieved fame. His poem, part one of *The Minstrel; or the Progress of Genius* (1771), traced the development of a poet's mind under the influence of nature. Beattie died in Aberdeen, Scotland on August 18, 1803.¹² (Illus. 57)
4. Robert Bloomfield was born December 3, 1766 in Honington, Suffolk, England later moving to London. The poem that made his reputation, the some 1600 lines long *The Farmer's Boy* (1800), owed its popularity to its blend of late 18th-century pastoralism with an early Romantic feeling for nature. His reputation increased with *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs* (1802), *News from the Farm* (1804), *Wild Flowers* (1806) and *The Banks of the Wye* (1811). Bloomfield died August 19, 1823 in Shefford, Bedfordshire.¹³ (Illus. 35)
5. John Clare was born July 13, 1793 in Helpston, Northamptonshire, England. He was called the most genuinely rustic of the Romantic poets as his poems captured with vividness scenes from everyday life in the country. His *Poems Descriptive of Rural Life* (1820) received recognition but his later volumes *The Village Minstrel and other Poems* (1821) and *The Shepherd's Calendar* (1827) met with less success. Clare suffered a nervous breakdown in 1837 and died May 20, 1864 in Northamptonshire.¹⁴ (Illus. 10)
6. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born October 21, 1772 in Ottery St Mary, Devonshire, England. He was a lyrical poet whose *Lyrical Ballads*, (1798) written with his close friend William Wordsworth, started the English Romantic movement. *Lyrical Ballads* opens with Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner, in Seven Parts" and ends with Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey", poems which set a new style by using everyday language and fresh ways of looking at nature. His close friendship with William Wordsworth was one of the most fruitful relationships in English literature. Coleridge died in Highgate near London on July 25, 1834.¹⁵ (Illus. 7)
7. William Collins was born December 25, 1721 in Chichester, England. He is considered one of the finest English lyric poets of the 18th century. At age seventeen Collins composed his four *Persian Eclogues* (1742). He went to London in 1744 and in 1746 collaborated with the poet Thomas Warton on a volume of odes which Warton published separately. Warton's collection was well received but Collins' *Odes on Several Descriptive and Allegorical Subjects* (1747) was barely noticed. Collins was confined to a mental asylum in 1754 and died June 12, 1759 in Chichester, England.¹⁶ (Illus. 20 and 40)



8. Eliza Cook was born December 24, 1818 in Southwark, England. In 1837 she wrote verse for the radical *Weekly Dispatch*, *The Literary Gazette*, *Metropolitan Magazine* and *New Monthly*. In 1838 she published *Melaia and other Poems* and from 1849 to 1854 wrote, edited, and published *Eliza Cook's Journal* a weekly periodical. Cook also published *Jottings from my Journal* (1860) and *New Echoes* (1864). Her poem "The Old Armchair" (1838) made her a household name for a generation both in England and in America. She died in Wimbledon, England on September 23, 1889.¹⁷ (Illus. 5)

9. William Cowper was born November 15, 1731, in Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, England. In 1768 Cowper co-authored with Evangelical clergyman John Newton the *Olney Hymns* (1799) that include Newton's famous hymn "Amazing Grace". *Poems by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple* was published in 1782 to wide acclaim. His major work, "The Task" (1785), grew into an opus of six books nearly five thousand lines long. His attention to nature and common life influenced later Romantic poets like William Wordsworth. Cowper died April 25, 1800 in East Dereham, Norfolk, England.¹⁸ (Illus. 8, 23, 29, 47, 50 and 54)

10. Reverend George Croly was born August 17, 1780 in Dublin, Ireland. About 1810 he moved to London where he wrote dramatic criticisms for a short-lived periodical the *New Times*. He was an early contributor to *Blackwoods Magazine* and the *Literary Gazette*. His chief works were: "Paris in 1815" (1817); "Catiline" (1822); "Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present and the Future" (1829); "The Life and Times of his late Majesty George the Fourth" (1830); "Marston; or, The Soldier and Statesman" (1846); and "The Modern Orlando" (1846). In 1822 Croly co-authored with Richard Dagley the book *Gems, Principally From the Antique* which included "Diana". Croly died November 24, 1860, in London.¹⁹ (Illus. 58)

11. John Cunningham was born in 1729 in Dublin, Ireland of Scottish parents. In 1747 his farce, *Love in a Mist*, was staged at Dublin's Crow Street Theater. He eventually moved to Edinburgh, Scotland where he published his first poem "Elegy on a Pile of Ruins". From there he moved to London where he published *The Contemplatist, a Night Piece* (1762); *Fortune, An Apologue* (1765) and *Poems, Chiefly Pastoral* (1766). Cunningham died in Newcastle on September 18, 1773.²⁰ (Illus. 4, 34, 36 and 56)

12. Anne Finch nee Kingsmill was born in April 1661 at Sydmonton, Hampshire, England. In 1712 she became the Countess of Winchilsea. One of the first published and most admired women writers in England, she frequently composed verse about the beauty of nature and was later recognized as a precursor to Romanticism by William Wordsworth. In 1713 she published *Miscellany Poems, on Several Occasions*, her only volume of verse while alive, which included "The Petition for an Absolute Retreat" and "A Nocturnal Reverie". She died in 1720 in London, England.²¹ (Illus. 11 and 22)

13. John Gay was born June 30, 1685 in Barnstaple, Devon, England. In 1708 he published "Wine", a poem to celebrate the Act of Union between England and Scotland and in 1711 the pamphlet *The Present State of Wit*. During this period he met the poet Alexander Pope and supported himself by working as a journalist and playwright. He is remembered for his play "The Beggar's Opera" (1728) which was the basis for the classical work "The Three Penny Opera" (1928) by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weil. His first important poem, *Rural Sports* (1713), was dedicated to Pope. Gay died December 4, 1732 in London.²² (Illus. 13)

14. Oliver Goldsmith was born November 10, 1730 in the Irish village of Elphin, Roscommon. In 1744 he went to Trinity College, Dublin later moving to London. His major works include "The Citizen of the World" (1761), "The Traveler" (1764), "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), "The Deserted Village" (1770) and



his dramatic masterpiece “She Stoops to Conquer” (1773). Goldsmith's carelessness, his intemperance and his habit of gambling, soon brought him into debt. Broken in health and mind, Goldsmith died in London in 1774.²³ (Illus. 17 and 48)

15. James Grahame was born April 22, 1765 in Glasgow, Scotland. After completing his studies at Glasgow University he studied law in Edinburgh but at age 44 he took Anglican orders. His works include *Mary Queen of Scots* (1801), *The Sabbath* (1804), *British Georgics* (1804), *The Birds of Scotland* (1806) and *Poems on the Abolition of the Slave Trade* (1810). His principal work, *The Sabbath*, (1807) was published in two volumes. Volume one contains four poems: “Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter Sabbath Walks”. The painting for “An Autumn Sabbath Walk” (Illustration 49) is missing from the Cranstone album and only the poetry verse and poet’s name are present on the page. Grahame died in Glasgow on September 14, 1811.²⁴ (Illus. 19 and 49)

16. Thomas Gray was born December 26, 1716 in London, England. His first important poems written in 1742 include “To Spring”, “On a Distant Prospect of Eton College” and a sonnet on the death of his close friend Richard West. After years of revision he finished his great “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard” (1715) believed to have been written in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. Gray is well known for his statement that “ignorance is bliss”. Gray died July 30, 1771 in Cambridge, England.²⁵ (Illus. 28)

17. Felicia Dorothea Hemans nee Browne was born September 25, 1793 in Liverpool, England. Her first two volumes of poetry were published in 1808 at the age of fourteen. In 1812 Felicia married Captain Alfred Hemans, a veteran of the Peninsular Campaign. During the next six years she published poetry that included “The Restoration of the Works of Art in Italy” (1816) while giving birth to five sons. One of her best known poems, “The Homes of England” was originally published in the April 21, 1827 edition of Blackwood’s *Edinburgh Magazine*. Felicia Hemans died in Dublin, Ireland May 16, 1835.^{26 27} (Illustrations 1 and 2)

18. Robert Herrick was born in August, 1591 at Cheapside, London. His first appearance in print was in sonnet verses which he contributed to *A Description of the King and Queen of Fairies* in 1635. In 1648 he published his celebrated collection of lyrical poems entitled *Hesperides* together with the much shorter *Noble Numbers* (sacred songs). Herrick died October 15, 1674 and is buried at Dean Prior, Devonshire, England.²⁸ (Illus. 51)

19. John Home was a dramatic poet (playwright) born September 21, 1722 in Leith, Scotland. His first play, *Agis: A Tragedy*, was finished in 1747. His play *Douglas: A Tragedy* (1757) is based on the Ballad of Gil (or Child) Morrice. His last tragedy, *Alfred* (1778), was so coolly received that he gave up writing for the stage. Home died September 5, 1808 at Merchiston Bank, near Edinburgh, Scotland.²⁹ (Illus. 27)

20. James Hurdis was born in 1763 in Sussex, England. In 1788 he published the *Village Curate* which was favorably received and went through four editions. *Adriano; or the First of June* followed and in 1791 *The Tragedy of Sir Thomas More* was published. In 1793 he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford University. In 1800 he printed at his private press at Bishopstone his poem entitled *The Favourite Village*. Hurdis died on December 23, 1801 at Buckland in Berkshire, England.³⁰ (Illustration 3)

21. John Keats was born October 31, 1795 in Moorfields, England. He was considered, along with Wordsworth, to be the Romantic poet of the 19th century. Keats' first volume, *Poems by John Keats* (1817) was followed by *Endymion* (1818). The next year despite ill health he wrote “The Eve of St



Agnes," "La Belle Dame sans Merc," "Ode to a Nightingale" and "To Autumn". His third and last volume, *Lamia, Isabella, The Even of St. Agnes, and Other Poems* appeared in 1820. This volume contains three poems considered among the finest in the English language: "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode on Melancholy," and "Ode to a Nightingale." Keats died February 23, 1821 of tuberculosis in Rome, Italy.³¹ (Illus. 33)

22. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born February 27, 1807 in Portland, Maine. His first collection of poems, *Voices of the Night* (1839) was followed by *Ballads and Other Poems* (1841), *Evangeline* (1847), *The Seaside and the Fireside* (1849), *The Song of Hiawatha* (1855), *The Courtship of Miles Standish and Other Poems* (1858), *Tales of a Wayside Inn* (1863) and between 1866 and 1880 seven more poetry books. Longfellow died March 24, 1882 in Cambridge, Massachusetts.³² (Illus. 14, 15 and 41)

23. James Montgomery was born November 4, 1771 in Irvine, Ayrshire, Scotland. In 1792 he moved to Sheffield where he served as the editor of the Sheffield Iris for 32 years. Montgomery published several poems including *Prison Amusements* (1797), *The Wanderer of Switzerland* (1806), *The West Indies* (1807), *The World Before The Flood* (1813), *Greenland and Other Poems* (1819), *Songs of Zion* (1822), *The Christian Poet* (1825), and *The Poet's Portfolio* (1835) and composed some four hundred hymns. James Montgomery died on April 30, 1854, in Sheffield, England.³³ (Illus. 59)

24. Caroline Norton nee Sheridan was born March 22, 1808 in London, England. One of three granddaughters of the playwright Richard Brinsley Sheridan, she began writing while in her teens. Norton's *The Dream, and Other Poems* appeared in 1840 to critical enthusiasm and *Aunt Carry's Ballads* (1847), dedicated to her nephews and nieces, was written with tenderness and grace. Her novels include *Stuart of Dunleath* (1851), *Lost and Saved* (1863) and *Old Sir Douglas* (1867). Caroline Norton died in London on June 15, 1877.³⁴ (Illus. 32)

25. William Bourn Oliver Peabody was born July 9, 1799 in Exeter, New Hampshire, USA. He attended Harvard University and Cambridge Divinity School and in October, 1820 became the life long pastor of the Unitarian church in Springfield, Massachusetts. His poem "The Rising Moon" was originally published in the January 1, 1833 edition of Parley's Magazine, New York and later included in the volume of his work *Literary Remains* edited by his son Everett Peabody (1850). Peabody died May 28, 1847 in Springfield, Massachusetts.³⁵ (Illus. 60)

26. Bryan Waller Proctor was born at Leeds, England on November 21, 1787. Considered a second class poet, his principal poetical works were: "Dramatic Scenes and other Poems" (1819), "A Sicilian Story" (1820), "Marcian Colonna" (1820), "Mirandola", a tragedy performed at Covent Garden (1821), "English Songs" (1832), "Essays and Tales in Prose" (1851) and "Charles-Lamb; a Memoir" (1866). Proctor died October 5, 1874 most likely in London, England.³⁶ (Illus. 45)

27. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Raffles was born May 17, 1788 in London, England. His ministry began at Hammersmith, where he was ordained as a Congregational minister. In 1812, he moved to Liverpool, where he succeeded Rev. T. Spencer and served as pastor of the Great George Street Congregational Church for 49 years. His written works include *Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. Thomas Spencer* (1813), *Poems by Three Friends* (1813) and *A Tour on the Continent* (1817). Raffles is also remembered for his hymns. Raffles died August 18, 1863 in Liverpool.³⁷ (Illus. 16)



28. Percy Bysshe Shelley was born August 4, 1792 near Horsham in Sussex, England. In 1813 he published his first important poem, the atheistic "Queen Mab". He was an English Romantic poet who spent the summer of 1816 with Lord Byron at Lake Geneva where he composed the "Hymn To Intellectual Beauty" and "Mont Blanc". Among Shelley's popular poems are "To the West Wind", "To a Skylark" published in *Prometheus Unbound* (1820) and "Adonais", an elegy for Keats. Shelley drowned July 8, 1822 in Italy and his ashes are buried in Rome.³⁸ (Illus. 9)

29. Sir Philip Sidney was born November 30, 1554 at Penshurst, Kent, England. Famous in his day as a poet, courier and soldier, he remains known as a writer of sonnets. During 1580 he wrote the long pastoral romance *Arcadia*. At some uncertain date, he composed a major piece of critical prose published after his death under two titles, *The Defence of Poesy* and *An Apology for Poetry*. Sidney's *Astrophil and Stella* ("Starlover and Star") was begun around 1576 during his courtship with Penelope Devereux. It is 1,498 lines long, includes 108 sonnets and 11 songs and is the first in the long line of Elizabethan sonnet cycles. Sidney died October 17, 1586 in the Netherlands.³⁹ (Illus. 37)

30. Robert Southey, a poet of the Romantic school, was born August 12, 1774 in Bristol, England. In 1794 Southey met poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the two men became close friends. Between 1796 and 1798 he wrote a number of ballads including *The Inchcape Rock* and *The Battle of Blenheim*. In 1798 Southey's *Poems* and *Joan of Arc* were published with *Thalaba The Destroyer* following in 1801. Robert Southey was appointed poet laureate in 1813. He died March 21, 1843 in Keswick, Cumberland, England.⁴⁰ (Illus. 21 and 55)

31. Alfred Lord Tennyson was born August 5, 1809 in Somersby, Lincolnshire, England. He published *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical* in 1830 which included the popular "Mariana". His next book, *Poems* (1833), received unfavorable reviews, and Tennyson ceased to publish for nearly ten years. "The Lady of Shalott", "The Lotus-eaters", "Morte d'Arthur" and "Ulysses" appeared in 1842 in the two-volume *Poems*. Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate in 1850. He died October 6, 1892 and is buried in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey.⁴¹ (Illus. 30)

32. James Thomson was born September 11, 1700 at Ednam, Roxburghshire, England. His most famous poem, *The Seasons*, contains four parts: "Winter" (1726), "Summer" (1727), "Spring" (1728) and "Autumn" (1730). In *The Seasons*, Thomson's faithful, sensitive descriptions influenced the forerunners of romanticism such as Gray and Cowper. Thomson died in Richmond, England on August 27, 1748.⁴² (Illus. 6, 39, 43, 44 and 52)

33. Gilbert White was born July 18, 1720 at Selborne near Hampshire, England. He studied at Oriel College, Oxford, received his M.A. in October 1746 and was ordained a priest after graduating but never actually practiced. He resided in Selborne where he spent the greater part of his life in literary occupations and studied nature. Regarded as England's first ecologist, he is well known for his book *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* (1789). In addition, he published "A Harvest Scene", "On the Dark, Still, Dry Warm Weather", "The Invitation to Selborne" and "The Naturalist's Summer-Evening Walk" (1789). White died in Selborne, England on June 26, 1793.⁴³ (Illus. 31)

34. Dorothy Wordsworth was born on Dec. 25, 1771, in Cockermouth, Cumberland, England. At Alfoxden, Somerset from 1796 to 1798 she enjoyed with her brother William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge a companionship of "three persons with one soul." In 1829 she became seriously ill and after that led the life of an invalid. Her ill health apparently affected her intellect and during the last twenty years of her life her mind was clouded. *Poems by William Wordsworth Including Lyrical Ballads*



(1815) included three poems written by Dorothy. In addition to “The Mother’s Return” and “The Cottage to the Infant” it contains her poem “Address to a Child During A Boisterous Winter Evening”. Dorothy died in Rydal Mount, England January 25, 1855.⁴⁴ (Illus. 18)

35. William Wordsworth was born April 7, 1770 in Cockermouth, Cumbria, England. In 1798 he and poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge published *Lyrical Ballads*. Wordsworth published *Poems in Two Volumes* in 1807, *The Excursion* (1814), *The White Doe of Rylstone* (1815), *Miscellaneous Poems* (1815) and *The Waggoner* (1819). Wordsworth succeeded Robert Southey as poet laureate in 1843. Wordsworth died at Rydal Mount, Ambleside, England in 1850.⁴⁵ (Illus. 24, 25, 26 and 38)





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